

# PECK'S BAD BOY WITH THE CIRCUS

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The Bad Boy Feeds Cayenne Pepper to the Sacred Cow—He and His Pa Ride in a Circus Parade with the Circassian Beauties—A Topsy Elephant Lands Them in a Public Fountain—Pa Makes the Acquaintance of John L. Sullivan.

I am learning more about animals every day, and when the season is over I will be an expert animal man. Animals naturally have a language of their own, and lions understand each other, and bears can converse with bears, but in a show, all animals seem to have a common language, so they understand each other a little.

I found that out when I put a paper of cayenne pepper into a head of lettuce and gave it to the sacred cow. She chewed the lettuce as peacefully as could be, and swallowed the cayenne pepper, and then stopped to think. You could tell by the expression on her face that when the pepper began to heat her up inside she wanted to swear, although she was a sacred cow. She humped herself, and shivered, and then bellowed like a calf who has been left in the barn to be weaned, while his mother goes out to pasture, and the sacred bull, her husband, ne came and put his nose up to her nose, as much as to say: "What is the matter, dearie?" and she talked sacred cattle talk to him for a minute, and then the bull turned to me and chimed me out of the tent. Now, as sure as you live that cow told the bull that I had given her something hot. All the animals within hearing were on to me, and they would snarl, and make noise when I came along, and act as though they wanted to



The Elephant Kept Ducking Pa and Swabbing Out the Bottom of the Fountain.

and Pa and the hours rolled to the back end of the howdah, and were all piled in a heap, while I held on to the cloth of gold over the elephant's head. Pa yelled to the people on horseback to kill the elephant, and the crowd cheered, thinking it was the best performance they ever saw in a free street parade, and the animals in the cages behind were yapping as though they knew what was going on. The elephant got down on to all fours, and we straightened up in the pagoda, and for a block or so the beast only waltzed around. As we got to some sort of a public square, where there were thousands of people, the state beer seemed to be getting in its work, for the elephant looked at the people, as much as to say: "Now I will show you something not down on the bills," and, by ginger, if he didn't raise up his hind quarters and stand on his front feet, right by the side of a big fountain, and he reached in his trunk for



John L. Slatted Pa Just as Though He Was a Child.

make me understand that they knew I gave that cow a hot box, and they all wanted to get a chance at me.

They don't like Pa any better than they do me, and the big elephant seems to have been laying for Pa ever since he run the sharp iron into him, the time he got on a tear and tried to run a town. When the elephants are performing in the ring, they all have an eye on Pa, so everybody notices it. I knew something would happen to Pa, so when the man who plays the sheik, and rides the elephant in the street parade, in a howdah, with a canopy over it, with some female houri in it, and they called for a volunteer to do the sheik act, at Steubenville, and Pa offered to do the stunt, I went along as an Egyptian girl, 'cause I knew there would be something doing.

The elephant eyed Pa when he got up into the bungalow on top of him, with the Circassian women and me, and winked at the other elephants, as much as to say: "Watch my smoke." As he went out from the lot, on the way downtown, ahead of the bunch, all the other animals acted peculiar, and seemed to say: "He will get his before we get through this parade."

The big elephant is one of the best ring performers, but he has always been steady in the street parade, with the light of Asia on his back. We got to the edge of town and stopped to let the rear wagons close up, and were in front of a saloon, where the bartender had been emptying stale beer out of the bottoms of kegs into a washtub, which was standing on the sidewalk, ready to be sold to people who buy it in pails.

Well, sir, that confounded elephant got his trunk in that tub of stale beer, and he never took it out till the beer was all gone. I looked down from the pagoda and told Pa the elephant was drinking again, and had drunk a washtub of beer, but Pa couldn't say anything, 'cause he was doing the Arab-sheik act, and had to look dignified, as though he was praying to Allah.

But just then the band struck up, and we started down the main street of Steubenville. The people began to cheer, 'cause our elephant began to hippity-hop, and waltz sideways across the street and back again, and I thought Pa would die. In the parade one man on a horse attends to the elephants, so the sheiks don't have anything to say, and Pa remained like a statue, and told me and the Circassian beauties to be calm, and trust in him and Allah. This Allah business was all right when the elephant waltzed, but when we got to the next block the beast began to stand on his hind feet,

seemed as though he never would get through using Pa for a mop, but finally the people got a rope around Pa, and a keeper got an iron hook in the elephant's ear, and they pulled Pa out on one side, and got the elephant away on the other side, and just then the callopie, that ends the parade, came by us and played the "Blue Danube," and the elephant got on his hind feet and waltzed on the pavement. They put Pa and the Circassian beauties in a patrol wagon and took them to the show lot, and I sat by the driver, and he let me drive the team.

Pa had his sheik clothes rolled up around his waist, and was wringing them out, and talking awful sassy, and when we got to the lot it took a long time to convince the policeman that we were not guilty of disorderly conduct, and just then the elephant came tearing by us, with the keeper on horseback behind him, prodding him in the ham every jump with a sharp iron, and he went through the side of the tent as though he was mighty sorry he didn't kill us all.

They made him get down on his knees and bellow in token of surrender, and then we all went and changed our clothes for the afternoon performance. As we passed through the menagerie tent, dripping, every animal set up a yell, as much as to say: "There, maybe you will give cayenne pepper to a plous sacred cow again, confound you," and that convinces me that animals are human.

The last week has been the hardest on Pa of any week since we have been out with the circus. The trouble with Pa is that he wants to be "Johnny on the spot," as the boys say, and if anything breaks he volunteers to go to work and fix it, and if anybody is sick or disabled, he wants to take their place, as he says so he will learn everything about the circus, and be competent to run a show alone next year.

But it was a mean trick the principal owner of the show played on Pa at Canton, O. You see John L. Sullivan used to do a boxing act with this show, years ago, and everybody likes John, and when he shows up where the show gives a performance he has the freedom of the whole place, and everybody about the show is ready to fall over themselves to do John L. a service.

Well, Sullivan showed up at Canton, and he went everywhere, all the forenoon, and met all the old timers, and at the afternoon performance he was awfully jolly.

John was standing beside the ring when the Japanese jugglers were juggling, and he leaned against a pole. Pa came in from the menagerie tent, and he didn't know Sullivan, and when he saw Sullivan holding the pole up, Pa said to the boss proprietor that the fat man who was interfering with the show ought to be called down, or put out.

The boss said to Pa: "You go take him by the ear and put him out," and Pa, who is as brave as a lion, started for Sullivan, and the boss winked at the other circus men, and Pa went up to Sullivan and took hold of John's neck with both hands, and said: "Come on out of here."

Well, sir, we ought to have moving pictures of what followed. Sullivan turned on Pa, and growled just like a lion. Then he took Pa around the waist and held him up under his arm, and picked up a piece of board and slatted Pa just as though Pa was a child, and the audience just yelled, and Pa called to the circus men for help, but they just laughed.

Pa got a chance at the fat man and he hit him in the jaw, but it did not hurt Sullivan, only made him mad. He took Pa up by the collar and whirled him around until Pa was dizzy, and then he started with him for the menagerie tent, and called to the boss canvasman: "Bill, come on and tell me which is the hungriest lion, and I will feed him with this cold meat."

Pa yelled 'cause he thought he was in the hands of an escaped lunatic, and the circus hands came and took him away. Then the owner told Pa who Sullivan was, and Pa almost fainted. But finally, after breathing hard for awhile, Pa went up to Sullivan and shook his hand, and said: "Mr. Sullivan, you must excuse me. If I had known you were the great John L., I would not have licked you." Sullivan looked at Pa and said: "Well, you are a wonder, old man, and you did do me up," and Pa and Sullivan became great friends. Since then Pa is pretty chummy, 'cause the circus men point him out to the jays as the man who whipped John L. Sullivan.

## Expert Smokers.

The Japanese are experts on smoke rings, and it is said in Japan it is considered no uncommon trick to blow three rings of smoke in succession, the second traveling through the first and the third through both. Some stage performers are credited with becoming so expert in smoke blowing that they are not only able to multiply the number of rings thus made, but actually form Japanese characters representing words and sentences. One Japanese juggler, it is declared, proposed to his wife by forming the characters representing his avowal of love through a thin stream of smoke.

## Going for the Doctors.

The Zurich city fathers, after having successfully devoted attention to hygiene, pure water and unadulterated food, have now tackled what has been facetiously called "the final menace to public health—the doctors." Henceforth to the physician and surgeon Zurich will be a closed borough. Forty members only of the profession have been approved by the municipality, salaried at the rate of £500 per annum, and told to attend patients gratis. The necessary annual fund is to be raised by a poll tax of four francs each of the 112,000 inhabitants.—American Medicine

## SCALES ON THE FARM.

Why They Should Be Installed and the Best Manner of Putting Them In.

The weighing of salable produce at the farm before hauling to market, to definitely ascertain exact weights to serve as a check on those obtained at the market is a practice common among many farmers grown out of dissatisfaction between buyer and seller.

There was a time years and years ago, when the producer of farm products, because of the lack of proper facilities for weighing marketable stuff, whether stock or grain, was compelled to submit to the weights of the purchaser. In more instances than one a feeling of dissatisfaction developed between the producer and buyer which has led to the former fortifying himself with ample facilities by which he may determine the pound value of his produce in round numbers to his own satisfaction before arriving at the market.

It is an old saying that no man can do his own business so well as he himself can, and so evident is the truth of this that we all incline to adopt the advice. It is questionable if another source has furnished more material to stimulate envy between the two involved parties, the farmer and the purchaser, than the matter of honest weights. Where such conditions simply confined to certain localities and individuals an immediate remedy could be enacted by the establishment of weighing stations where all weighing would be under the direct charge of disinterested parties; but so universal is the evil in every market whether large or small that a solution of the problem is made difficult.

As we sum up present conditions based upon years of experience selling upon both local and large markets there evidently is but one solution and that is for the farmer to have a reliable set of standard scales conveniently located and in good working condition where he can weigh his produce before it leaves the farm. Under such an arrangement there is no reason why, after receiving the purchaser's weights, he should ever have cause to feel he had been dishonestly dealt with.



CONVENIENT SCALE HOUSE.

No time ever presents a better opportunity to correct dishonesty than the immediate moment of the transaction. Several instances have come under my observation where difficulty has arisen from faulty weighing that could have been satisfactorily adjusted had the involved parties gotten together and made a new draft. In a great many cases faulty weighing is not due to unreliable scales, but rather the manner in which the machine has been previously adjusted. I have known instances where scales were in several pounds to the hundred and so far as observation could account had been purposely fixed up.

The installation of a set of scales upon the farm is not so serious and costly a proposition as many farmers imagine. The first matter to be taken into consideration in installing a set of scales is the location. In order to obtain the greatest usefulness it is essential they should be conveniently located. No definite rule can be adhered to because of the fact that conditions vary to such a marked extent on different farms. It is advisable, however, that they should be located upon slightly elevated ground to promote drainage. Then, too, the location should be selected with due regard to usage.

After these conditions have been carefully considered a structure to protect the scales must be designed. In some instances the scales might be located near the granary for convenience in weighing the grain. The illustration, taken from the Prairie Farmer, shows a design of scale house constructed onto a granary. There is nothing out of the ordinary concerning the structure except that it is a cheap, practical and convenient building adapted for the purpose. It is particularly adapted to the average farmer's conditions where the means to construct a costly building are limited.

The structure is 16x20 with 12 feet posts. For siding matched hemlock was used. The roofing is more on the flat order with sufficient incline to permit water to run off readily. The material used for roofing was of a manufactured nature and serves the purpose satisfactorily. The door ways are 12 feet wide and permit of a drive over the scales. The cost of the structure, including labor and material, did not exceed \$35.

## The Best Time.

Cows that freshen in the spring produce more than half of their milk when prices are low; whereas those that come fresh in the fall produce the bulk of their yield when prices are high. Here's a simple statement of fact known to all dairymen; but—how many dairymen practice all they know?—Farm Journal.

Manure cellars may be recommended as far as keeping the manure is concerned, but better far to haul it to the fields every day.

## GOOD COMPLEXIONS

A WHOLESOME, CLEAR COLOR INDICATIVE OF GOOD HEALTH.

That Fascinating Looking-Glass—How to Be Rid of Blackheads, Pimples and Freckles—Fresh Air and Exercise the Best Beauty Prescriptions—No Veil for the School-Girl—Tight Corsets Make Red Noses.

BY MARGARET E. SANDSTER.  
(Copyright, 1905, by Joseph B. Bowles.)

A school-girl of 14 is old enough to care a good deal about her looks, and nobody should blame her or accuse her of vanity, if she wishes for a good complexion and bewails a bad one. I have known mothers who worried not a little because Jessie and Jenny liked to look in the glass as they passed it, and who seemed to think the custom worthy of reproach. Now, girls, please don't tell anyone, if I whisper my own little secret. I have always loved to see myself in a mirror, and, to this day, I cannot resist its fascination, and am sure, unless in great haste to keep an appointment, to pay my respects to it, as I go through the room where it hangs.

A friend of my girlhood had a lovely room in which were four long mirrors set in four high doors. It was my delight to take a look to that room and seat myself on a sofa in the middle of it, with a looking-glass in each corner, repeating the furniture and books as well as the young person in the center. Later I slept, during a visit to the south, in a chamber of which one side of the wall was a great, gleaming sheet of glass, from baseboard to ceiling. In that room colonial belles had dressed for colonial dances in the days of long ago. In those days when I look in the glass, I do not see my own face only, but often seem to see faces of dear ones who are not with me now; my mother, my sister, and others who were once here. You are too young to have the sort of pleasure in a looking glass that you will have by and by. Meanwhile, when you come to visit me, you may look in the glass as much as you like.

I hope you will see a pretty complexion reflected there.

A complexion has a great deal to do with girlish beauty. For one thing, it is an index to your health, a sickly complexion showing unerringly that the body is out of order. A rough, sallow, or pimply complexion, with red spots or the ugly things called blackheads, disfigure any girl, and spoil the effect of regular features, as a blotch or blur would spoil a picture.

There are a few things to do, and a few not to do, if you would have a nice skin, and a good color, and be free from boils, pimples and unsightly patches upon your face. Indispensable to a good complexion is a bath from head to foot every day. The best time for this bath is in the morning as soon as you rise. Wash thoroughly every inch of the body, and dry with a rough towel, so that the friction will bring a warm glow to the surface. A rub-bath is not necessary. A sponge-bath is quite as good, if you have no tub.

Some girls fancy that soap must not be put on the face. This is an old-fashioned prejudice. Everything depends on the soap, which ought to be of the best quality. In a toilet soap it is wise to purchase a delicate variety, not of the very cheapest, either. Wash the face thoroughly every night at bedtime with fine soap and tepid water, rinsing it well and removing the lather, and drying it with a soft towel. Once a day is often enough to use soap on the face, but this one using should never be omitted.

Blackheads are accumulations of dust and dirt in the pores of the skin. To press them out with a watch-key, or to fuss with them at all is very foolish. A little cold cream may be applied after the thorough washing with soap, but this is seldom necessary. A school-girl whose face is really clean will have no blackheads to bother her.

As for freckles, they are the kisses of the sun on a fair skin, and no one should be worried over them. If they do distress a girl, she may remove them by using lemon juice freely, adding to it an equal portion of much diluted glycerine. Never use glycerine either with rose water or lemon juice, unless you dilute it freely with water. A country girl may drive away freckles by washing her face frequently with buttermilk, which is one of the best possible lotions for the skin. Be very particular never to use another person's towel and wash-cloths.

Be very careful to keep the bowels in good order. The human frame is not unlike a stove. Unless the ashes are daily removed from a stove, it becomes clogged, and the fire does not burn freely. The debris of food must be removed from the body, or constipation will result from neglect, and all sorts of troubles march after constipation. A girl should be as conscientious in maintaining her physical health in this particular as in any other. The root of outward beauty is in inward cleansing every day. Take plenty of outdoor exercise. Run, jump, skate in season, play tennis and basketball, and live in the open air all that you can. Sleep in a cool room with the windows open. Wash all

and exercise are good beauty prescriptions.

Among the things not to do let me first caution you against eating too many sweets. The candy habit is responsible for most of the hateful pimples and the sallow skin that girls so much dread. When I hear that much of a school-girl's allowance goes into the confectioner's money-drawer, I need to know nothing more. Too many chocolates, too much fudge, too many lollipops, and our young lady will have roughness and redness instead of cream-tints and rose-leaf delicacy.

Avoid hot breads, coffee and tea, and delicious pastries and tarts. Good roast beef, vegetables, soups, and desserts of fruit are recommended to those who would like a skin clear-grained, soft and fine.

Don't wear a veil. A school-girl does not need to cover her face from the wind or the sun.

Don't wear a corset while you are a school-girl. Dress loosely and lightly all the time, just as you do when you wear a gymnasium suit. It is worth while to make a note of the fact that a red nose and a tight corset are often found together.

If you have trouble in winter from a chapped and frozen skin, try using a good cold cream every night, rubbing it in with gentle massage.

And girls, neither now, nor at any time in your future life, entertain the idea that you can make your complexion fine by dusting it with powder, or touching it with any cosmetic. A good skin is the outward sign of inward health, as I have said, and is the result of good sleep, regular exercise, constant bathing, and a good digestion. Some girls have to take more care than others to insure a really fine skin, but the rule is that when a girl is wholesome, strong and cheerfully well, her complexion will be beautiful.

## A PRETTY SILK BLOUSE.

Very Stylish Blouse Made of Heliotrope Color and Trimmed with Lace Is Our Model.

A pretty soft silk in a very pale shade of heliotrope is used for the blouse. The round yoke is composed of gauge straps of the silk divided by wide lace insertion. The collar is also of the insertion. The silk for the lower part of bodice is trimmed with



A GRACEFUL MODEL.

deep points of lace, and is gathered to the yoke, the principal part of gathers being arranged in the center of front. The fullness at waist is pouched over a swathed band of the silk.

The puff of sleeve is trimmed with a lace point at the top. The lower part is tight-fitting and matches the yoke.

Materials required: Four yards silk, two and a half yards insertion, and six lace points.

## A Mother Goose Party.

A Mother Goose party for grown-ups is a very amusing affair, and its success depends upon every one entering into the spirit of the occasion. The hostess is the "Old Woman Who Lived in the Shoe" and the guests are her many children.

The host may be "Old King Cole." If desirable, masks may be worn for the first part of the evening. The characters are so many in "Mother Goose" that there should be no duplicates.

For refreshments serve "tarts," and a great big pie decorated with black birds, also a smaller pie containing the historic "plums," which in this case will be bonbons.

For room decorations make posters illustrating "Mother Goose" subjects; they will be very effective. Of course the Little Boy Blue will come with his white "woolly sheep" and his horn. The "owl" and the "pussy cat" who went to sea in the "pea green boat" can be done by wearing animal masks. It is not necessary to describe the costumes, for a Mother Goose book with colored pictures will be the only guide necessary.

A prize may be given for the best costume, and may consist of a Father Goose book.

After the grand march cards may be played if the hostess desires.

## At Dinner.

Usually the smaller fork is for fish, and the smaller knife may be used to butter the bread. Sometimes a salad fork is provided, and a knife for the fruit.